The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces; authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F. Written, edited and published every week by and for the soldiers of the A.E.F., all profits to accrue to subscribers' company funds.

Entered as second class matter at United States Army Post Office, Paris, France.

Guy T. Viskniskki, Capt., Inf., Officer in Charge.

Charge.
Advertising Director for the United States and Canada: A. W. Erickson, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.
The General Advertising Agents for Great Britain: The Dorland Agency Ltd., 16 Regent Street London, S.W.1.

London, S.W.1.

Fifty centimes a copy. Subscription price to soldiers, 8 francs for six months; to civilians, 10 francs for six months. Local French paper money not accepted in payment. In England, to soldiers, 6s. 6d. for six months; to civilians, 8s. Civilians subscriptions from the United States \$2 for six months. Advertising rates on application.

cation.
THE STARS AND STRIPES, G2,A.E.F.,1Rue
des Italiens, Paris, France. Telephone, Guten-berg 12.95. London Office, Goring Hotel, London, S.W.1.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1918

We used to think him pretty important when he first showed up in the base port town with his brand new M.P. band on his sleeve and his lordly way of locking up even the top sergeant if the top sergeant got drunk.

even the top sergeant if the top sergeant you drunk.

Yet he seemed even more important up on the edge of Belleau Woods, when he appeared to suspect every one in American uniform of being a German spy and when his brow was furrowed from his anxiety let a car, carrying a lot of perfectly good colonels, should take the wrong turning and drive innocently into Germany.

But in Argoine, in the course of such a mighty drive as the Americans launched there in late September, when the whole success of the thrust can be measured and modified by the speed with which the guns, ammunition and rations are pushed along after the doughhoys, when a road tie-up can strangle a whole battalion, then does the M.P. rise to his full stature, his dominant figure towering above the sluggish streams of traffic, the effect of his work—for better or for worse—felt from one end of the battlefield to the other.

"Play the game, be:s. Obey the M.P.'s." So runs the new gospel of the highway, now nailed on many a tree and pole in Argoine.

Play the game, M.P.'s. Granted a fore—

now named on many a tree and pone in Argonne.

Play the game, M.P.'s. Granted a fore-sighted, well-ordered traffic scheme to be-gin with, then, in your hands, rest many priceless American lives. On the fullness priceless American fives. On the futiless and accuracy of your memory, on the saiffness of your decisions, on the squareness of your jaw—above all, on the squareness of your jaw—the battle may depend. Play the game, M.P.'s.

AMERICA

AMSRICA

When, in 1910, Frank Savicki, late of Vilna. Russia, stepped ashore at Ellis Island, New York, immigration officials were in some doubt about letting him and his sister in. They might have been sent back to Vilna had not Frank's uncle arrived on the scene with proof that he was able to care for them and borne them off to their new home in Shenandoah, Penusylvania.

vania. When, in April, 1917, America went to war, Frank Savicki went, too, and not long

after.

The embattled months went by, Chatean-Thierry was lost and won, and Frank Savicki, late of Shenandoah, Pennsylvania, was a prisoner in German hands.

Followed 76 days of brutal captivity, and at the end of the 76, a thoroughly wet figure in remnants of olive drab climbed out of the waters of a little half-German stream and set foot on the dry and hospitable ground of Switzerland.

It was not Frank Savicki, the Russian Pole. It was Frank Savicki, the American.

PRICES

The Yankee soldier has found that there are two kinds of storekeepers in France. You will find the same two kinds in

You will find the same two kinds in America.

There is the salesman of the type that a comedian impersonated at a certain French theater which is playing to almost exclusively American andiences. The jokesmith goes into the selling game on the stage, and exhibits three price tags—two frames fifty for the French; five frames for the English, and ten frames for the Americans. The witticism provokes much laughter and applanse among the American spectators.

Then there is the kind that is represented by a certain French stationer. An American soldier went in to buy some envelopes. All goods were clearly marked. He chose a package of 24 envelopes bearing a tag inscribed "75 centimes." Quite sure that here, at least, there could be no-price-hoosting, he handed the saleswoman the required amount. She returned 25 centimes as sig gave him his package.

"It's 50 centimes to militaires," she said.

SELF-MADE HEROES Newspapers throughout the United States printed not long ago on their front pages a story, originating in an Ohio city, describing how one of that city's native sons—a licutenant who had been a Princeton football star—had saved the lives of General Pershing and Marshals Haig and Foch.

Foch.

He had been guiding the distinguished leaders across a battlefield when he heard a shell coming. In true Dick Merriwell style he had lifted his bolo knife—we never heard that licutenants carried bolo knives—and used it as a bat, deflecting the shell so that it exploded at a harmless distance.

He had greated highest decorations from He had received highest decorations from three nations. It was all true, beause the

three nations. It was all true, because the lieutenant had written about it in a letter. Later, of course, another story was printed. The lieutenant had cabled a hurried denial, saying, "I thought you would know it was all a joke."

Papers back home more recently printed a letter from another lieutenant—an airman—who described how he had changed

from one plane to another in midair. The sequel to this story is not yet at hand.

There is a lesson in these back-home, storic- for those men in the A.E.F. who try to make their fetters interesting for limited family circulation. Camouflaged romances usually have kick-backs. Stick to the truth.

THE Q.M.

Tempus fugit. Also, the world goes

Tempus fugit. Also, the world goes around.

Which sage observations signify reminiscence and thought. It was—let's see—it was-in August, 1917.

We had approached the supply sergeant about the little matter of a shoestring. Didn't we know that shoestrings could be issued only on the afternoon of the second Thursday of an odd month when the moon happened to be in the last quarter and the Q.M. sergeant at the nearest depot wasn't suffering from writer's cramp after adding the 27th Indorsement to the letter of the supply sergeant of Aug. 8, 1904, re soap? We went off to hunt a piece of twine and speculate on what would happen to this war if the Q.M. Sgt. happened to get writer's cramp right in the middle of it.

Tempus has fugited 14 months. The world has gone around 400-odd times—and the Q.M. department talks of business methods and efficiency and declares that it has a lot to learn from the commercial system of private enterprise which enabled a 5, 10 and 15 cent store proprietor to build the tallest office building in the world. In convention assembled, its heads denounce red tape and proclain themselves the servants of the rest of the Army.

Looking back, it seems that events have moved faster than tempus and the world. In 14 months the A.E.F. has passed from infancy to adolescence, America has landed nearly 2,000,000 men in Europe and the Q.M. Corps is supplying them. And some time, in the rush of happenings of the eventful spring and summer of 1918—we can't just fix the exact time—the fretful doughboy stopped criticizing the Q.M. It was largely because the Q.M. was giving him good service and he didn't find anything to complain about.

Efficiency, we should say, is already a realization in the O.M. Corps, and the

thing to complain about.

Efficiency, we should say, is already a realization in the Q. M. Corps, and the formal burying of red tape at the depot Q.M.'s meeting a week or two ago was just a belated requiem.

THE CASUAL

Here he comes and there he goes, the

Here he comes and there he goes, the rolling stone of the Army, the best example extant of the guy that needs a friend.

From the hospital, from D.S., from the training camp, from nowhere in particular he straggles by, his pack, his wardrobe, everything that he possesses in this war with him. Rations in kind and transportation, third class, have done their worst. He strikes a straw to which, perforce, he clings for a moment—a board which examines him and questions him, sorts him and grades him, decides his future for better or for worse. And then on again to ter or for worse. And then on again to-

where?
From somewhere, going somewhere, with only a boot and a shove to help him on his

dreary way.
What, without asking, hither, hurried Whence?
And, without asking, Whither hurried hence!
Ah, many a cup of this forbiblen wine
Must drown the meancry of that insolence.

DRESS UP THAT LINE

Find a map—the larger the scale, the better will it serve the purpose—and trace onton it the twisting, zigzaggy, raggetty line that represents the boundary between Belgium and Holland. It resembles a streak of lightning that didn't work the first time, was used once or twice more, and butted into a piece of hardiack on the fourth try and collapsed.

Along that malformed geometrical specimen the extreme right wing of the German war bird—the extreme right pin feathers on the extreme right, and the currence Allied left, rested among the dunes that front the North Sea at Nicoport.

The German right and the Allied left

The German right seem owing in fact

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Th

The German right and the Amed lett are not resting now. They are moving in the same direction, but it is not hard to imagine which of them has the bigger job. The last man on the German right, at the end of a warped line that draggles away until it hits the Swiss frontier hundreds of kilometers away, is the busiest right guide that history ever had.

DR. DONEY

The following is taken from the Evening Telegram of Portland, Ore.:

Strong sentiments against the distribution of tobacco amongst the American soldiers in France of the Company of the American soldiers, in France, president of Williamette University, who spoke before the congregation of Gentenary Methodist Church on "What I Saw in France." Pr. Donex, who has just returned from six months of Y.M.C.A. work which took him within three miles of the German trenches, declared that if he had charge of the Red Cross he would not allow shipments of tobacco to American troops and would forbid the sale of it in "Y" huts.

Dr. Doney pointed out that this is the first war where the best women have followed the fighters from camp to camp in the capacity of Y.W.C.A. Red Cross or Salvation Army workers. He urged America to clean up mornily and adopt national prohibition before the troops return.

"France missed her chance when she failed to enact prohibition right after the war broke out, and the United States should profit by her lesson," said the speaker.

Anythody got a light?

Anybody got a light?

PHYSICALLY UNFIT

Men who would not ordinarily be accepted for overseas duty are to be brought to France by tens of thousands to do their share of the gigantic tasks of the S.O.S.

Men accepted in recent draft contingents have been graded into various groups of fitness, and one group is marked "Limited Service."

Service."

Men handicapped by slight defects which in other days were sufficient to bar them from service are having those defects skilfully and permanently remedied.

Men disabled at the front are reclassified.

The Army's Poets

THE ROAD TO MONTFAUCON

"M.P., the road from Avocourt
That leads to Montfaucon?"
The road, sir, black with mules and
And brown with men a-marching onThe Ronnague woods that lie beyond
The ruined heights of Montfaucon—

"North over reclaimed No Man's land, The martyred roadway leads, Quick with forward moving hosts And quick with valiant deeds Avenging Rheims, Liege, and Lille, And outraged gods and creeds.

"There lies the road from Avocourt
That leads to Montfaucon
Past sniper and machine gun nests,
By steel and thermite cleansed. They're gone—
And there in thund'rous eclelon
The ruined heights of Montfaucon."
HAROLD RIEZELMAN, lst Lt., C.W.S.

IF I WERE A COOTIE

If I were a cootie (pro-Ally, of course), I'd hie me away on a Poisdam-bound horse, And I'd seek out the Kaiser (the war-madder

And I'd be a hum cootic if I didn't muss
His Imperial hide from his head to his toe!
He might hide from the bombs, but I'd give hin
no show!
If I were a cootic, I'd deem it my duty
To thus treat the Kaiser,
Ah, oui!

And after I'd thoroughly covered Bill's area, I'd hasten away to the Prince of Bavaria, And chew him a round or two—under the Linden—
Then pack up my things and set out for old Ilinden.
(Old Ilinden, the guy always talking 'bout strafing)
To think wint I'd do to that bird sets me langhing!
If I were a cootic, I'd deem it my duty for thus traft the I'rince and old Hindy, Ah, oui!

I'd ne'er get fed up on Imperial gore— I might rest for a while, but I'd go back for more.
I'd spend a few days with that Austrian crew,
And young Carl himself I'd put down for a
chew.
There'd be no meatless days for this cootie, I
know, know,
They'd all get one jolly good strafing or so.
For if I were a cootie, I'd deen it my duty
To thus reat their damships,
Ah, oui'l get, A. P. BOWEN, R.T.O.

NO GREATER LOVE

Not all the saints lived in the distant past; Not all God's heroes died in bygone age; Each day those deeds of old are far surpassed By valorous feats inscribed on history's pag

The Lord of all has said: "No greater love Hath any man than this." He risked his life 'To save his friend; and angel choirs above liurst into song when he passed through the Lt. Chaplain THOMAS F. COAKLEY.

THE ETERNAL QUESTION

l nin't much worried 'bout them Boche, An' worry less about them 'Turks. An' th' Austrians ain't a-doin' nuch, A-judgin' by their works.

l 'low from readin' papers, Seein' what them rulers say, 'That they're settin' tired o' fightin' An' we'll all have peace some day.

An' I ain't a-feelin' sorry,
'Cause I've lost a blame good pal;
An' my heart ain't had no crackin'
Jus' because o' some durn gal. An' th' ole high cost o' livin'

Never troubles me no more; An' I ain't begun t' worry 'Bout some job at th' close o' war.

But they is one pesky question
That is always puzzlin' me,
An' they ain't no use in tryin'—
I kaint make it leave me be—

An' th' doggone cause o' trouble
That is bringin' all this wall
Don't take very long in statin'—
Where in hell is all our mail?
Cpl. VANGE C. ORISS, Engrs.

TO JIMMY

THE ARTILLERY SCHOOL OF FIRE The school is ended with great celat, And the students merrily laugh and sing, But I'm not as one with the happy throng, For I've found that I don't know a gol-dern thing.

I've chased Omega and Lambda 'round, And I had a time with angle Phi, But I never quite caught up with him, So all worn out I just sit and sigh.

I chused all over the blamed terrain And followed the line they call old "Y"; I've ruined my eyes on the frantic search For targets that merrily play "I spy."

So the school is over and I am done,
And rained as flat as a cake I know;
The next thing will be a quiet spot;
And a lovely brassard with "R.T.O."
JULES W. KING, 2nd Lr. F.A.

LINES TO FATHER TIME

A wink and a nod and I'm

A wink and a low and the swift advance:
Though you show the road in a merry dance
As, hand in hand, ever on we roam
Through the daylic fields and the bills of France
With night I'm back—and the folks are home
ARTHUR MORRIS, A.E.F.

AU REVOIR

"Goodbye, old boy, till we meet again. So rings our wish to friends that go May their path on the ocean of life be And mid darkness of night, may beac

glow.
"Goodbyc, goodbye," 'tis all we say,
Yet the heart in its silence will often speak
most: most; And our mute farewell, a prayer is, That their bark may steer safe of a rock-bound coast.

A thousand friends we greet each day, With but a handelasp and a smile; In haste we chat of health, of home, For we know they tarry but a while. And soon will come another call To duty's lines—'tis nothing new, And once again resound the words—"Goodbye, old boy—good luck to you."

"Goodbye, old boy—good luck to you.

And in this play of life's crim strife,
While tarrying here, till comes my turn.
I ask no greater boon than this—
That in my breast fore'r may burn
The light of friendship, warm, sincere,
That when they co, from me may flow,
That sad sweet parting phrase of cheer—
"Goodbye, old bey, good luck to you,"
FRA GUIDO.

A CHECK FROM HOME



NOW AS ALWAYS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

"He was in a safe place as commissary sergeant, two miles from the field of battle. His duty was to guard the ratious until called for. Soldiers fight far better on full than empty stomachs, and so thought this practical commissary sergeant. After evening fell, two mule wagons loaded with food and hot coffee were going under heavy fire from the enemy straight for the boys at the front, and the driver of the first wagon—and the one which got through—was Sergeant McKinley."

This is not a citation for a D.S.C. for some daring exploit at St. Mihlel, but is the simple performance of duty on the field at Antietam by William McKinley, who has left so honorable a name in our history. The account, by Chauncey Depew, reads further:
"Our army was retreating down the Valley of Virginia. Brigade after brigade of exhausted troops passed a battery of four guns which had been abandoned in the road. The hoys will hold them, said McKinley, and, responding to his enthusiasm and example, his comrades did.

"He was the staff officer selected to carry an order to a regiment in a perilous position to join the main column. It was believed that no one could ride across the enemy's front and reach his destination aliye. The gallant major never hesitated, but quictly and quickly obeyed orders and saved the regiment." o the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

gallant major never hestiated, but quictly and quickly obeyed orders and saved the regiment."

Do not these extracts show that the basic problem of our Civil War, as of the world war today, was a problem of stamina in the individual soldier, of that personal valor which arises not from recklessness, but from sincerity and carnestness of purpose? Lef it not be said that the war in which we are engaged is one of machinery, of the scientific slaughter of men; for these are not essential differences from previous conflicts, but only differences in degree.

Still is needed, and still will prevail over the most ingeniously diabolical machinery of the cnemy, the spirit of McKinley and those other great Americans whose character was formed in the bitter struggles and sacrifices of their day. The power of a machine, however great, is limited by physical laws; but the power of a man has no limits; resting as it does upon psychological bases—his spiritual equipment, his integrity and strength of purpose, his capacity for sentiment and human affections, factors which circumstance may magnify indefinitely. The depth of the soul has never been sounded.

The experiences through which we are to go will develop the best that is in us and burn away the dross. We are going to learn the lesson of brotherly love as we face death alongside our comrades. —And the reward shining always before us will be a sensible gain in appreciation for the real, lasting values of life; a realization of those sterner, finer qualities which come as the baccalaureate to all who pass through this hard schooling.

Such were the qualities manifested by those Americans whose names we love to honor, the

Such was pass enrough this hard schooling.

Such were the qualities manifested by those Americans whose names we love to bonor, the "Boys of '61," who, resolutely facing the grim requirements of duty, became thereby the men of '65 and the dominant figures in the national life for a generation to come. They proved that martial valor, when serving a just cause, is the inspiration and companion of those human attributes most to be admired. In gaining the affection and trust of their countrymen, they received a compensation which will be ours, too, if we hold true to their ideals.

Pyt. Frank Donshea. Pvt. Frank Donshea, San. Det., — F.A.

. TO DECIDE A BET

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: To the Editor of THE STARES AND STRIPES.

To decide a bet I would like to have you answor the following in your next issue: Can a first licutenant, who, we will say, is a commander of a company, take two days; pay out of a private's wages without either a summary or general court martial? A says no officer can touch a private's wages without a court martial. B says it can be done. We will suppose said private was AWOL for two days. Pvt. J. Manon, A.A.A.

[Pay cannot be taken out without the holding of a summary court martial or by the soldier's consent, in which case, as a disciplinary measure, his pay can be forfeited.—
EDITOR.]

OFFICERS ONLY

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES A few nights ago I visited one of the cafes in this city and was informed by the water that it had been reserved for officers. As I had been in the habit of visiting this same cafe for the last six months or so, I was of course surprised, especially as I was in the café for the last six months or so, i was on course surprised, especially as I was in the company of a French family which included a French officer.

Thinking the order came from French authorities and because of the fact that I was with French people, I was about to leave

a French officer.

Thinking the order came from French authorities and because of the fact that I lose our rep, gained in France, of American was with French people, I was about to leave without questioning, when my friends demanded the reason and were informed by

the waiter that the café had been closed to all Americans except commissioned officers. This incident has aroused quite a little discussion among the enlisted men of this locality, some claiming there is a General Order out to the effect that no public place such as a restaurant or café can be open to officers to the exclusion of enlisted men, this outside of the fact that we are missing our good beer—the best in town.

In regard to the General Order, there is quite a lot of money involved in it, and I would be thankful if you would let me know whether or not it exists:

Cpl. M. A. McNulta, Engrs.

[There is no General Order on this subject. As far as the Army is concerned, this is a matter for the post commandant to determine. It is not clear from the letter whether this rule was made by the proprietors of the café, the French civil authorities, or the post commandant.—Editor.]

HE WANTS ACTION

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I am a steady customer of THE STARS AND STRIPES, and I like to read it, but as I was reading it through I ran across a piece about a man wanting to be transferred to the Infantry, and he said it seems he can't get a chance, and wants to know why, and there has been a lot of howling about it.

Well, I agree with that man, and here is another howl, and I think that a howl is needed, and this is the reason, especially in my case. First, I am an Infantryman and well onto the game, gave up my home to fight and soldier. I am an ex-Marine, and also a doughboy, but I am here in the Engineers, now, and we are in France, but I might as well be in the States, for I wouldn't be a bit closer to

we are in France, but I might as well be in the States, for I wouldn't be a bit closer to the front.

Second, I have no trade. Why not classify the men of the — Regiment, T.C.? I am sure there are men who are not mechanics and are only taking the place of real mechanics who are at the front. So I don't think that is right.

Third, I have already heard a few of us called embusques, that we are afraid of the front, and that we can never shoot a Hun here, and that the boys at the front have the advantage of becoming thoughtful men, and receiving D.S.C's. So get hep, and give us men in the S.O.S. railway work a chance, and let us change places, or place men here who have been up and wounded, and are unfit for the front. Give us a chance, and take an interest in my plea. Please publish this.

Co. M, — Regt., Engineers, T.C.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
If you read the Literary Digest and many other of our leading American weeklies you will notice that they are still guilty of printing highly colored pictures of the American Aviation, the planes in which all bear the obsolete insignia of the star in the circle.
Of course, Infantrymen and Artillerymen cannot be wholly to blame if subconsciously they look for this rejected insignia, having had it flashed before their eyes every time they have picked up such magazines. In a Y.M.C.A. or K. of C. hut.
New outfits just arriving from the States may wonder where our Aviation is, not recognizing the true American identification mark. The American cocarde, painted on the wings, consists, as do all Allied cocardes, of three circles—the outer one red, the middle one blue and the center white.
The French outer circle is red, the middle is white and the center is blue.
The English outer circle is blue, the middle is white and the center is red.

is white and the center is red.

The Belgian outer is red, the middle is yellow and the center is black.

The Italian outer is red, the middle is white and the center is green.

Nothing need be said of the German cocarde; they all know it.

I have the feeling that if you publish the substance of this letter, emphasizing our own insignia, you will not only be doing a service to the Aviation, but also to those who still wonder if we have any planes at the front.

LEG A. SMITH,

1st Lt., Air Service.

FIRST AID SOUGHT

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIFES:
Just a few lines letting you know we are
still alive at Beaufort War Hospital, Fish
Ponds, Bristol, England. We have been here
about two weeks with nary a sign of any paymaster. I wish you would see what you can
do about getting us some pay.
Since being here we have been visited by
the Red Cross, who very kindly gave us a kit
with the exception of a razor. There also
were some YM.C.A. workers here, who gave
us each a pack of cigarettes and some writing
paper.

TWO LETTERS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
The drive for more money which the YMCA. Proposes to make in the near future calls for far more definite information as to what they did with the first subscription than has yet been made.

They work under great difficulties and have done a great deal of good, but the fact remains that the men as a whole feel that their relatives and friends are paying a very high price for it.

To say that they have already sold so many thousand pounds of chocolate or so many million sticks of gum means nothing.

If they can scatter broadcast a concise statement of what their collections and sales total, and divide their disbursements into ten or a dozen items, drawing a balance that will show they need a hundred million dollars more, they will stand a far better charce of getting it than they do now. To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I thank you for calling my attention to the enclosed letter addressed to you by Sergeant —, and am glad to profit by your courtesy in replying to it through your columns.

The work of the YM.C.A. is much more extensive than is perhaps generally appreciated by our soldiers in France. The funds subscribed are appropriated in the main to work in the following fields:

In Army and Navy training camps in the United States.

In Army and Navy training camps in the United States.

With the A.E.F. in Ithiv.

With the A.E.F. in Ithiv.

With the A.E.F. in Siberia and in Russia.

With the A.E.F. in Siberia and in Russia.

With the A.E.F. and with the American Navy in the United Kingdom and in naval bases on the Mediterrancan.

In the Foyers du Soldat with the French Army.

With the Armies of our other Allies, comprising the Sorbians, Foles and the Fortuguese; and with the Armies in Greece, in Mesopotamia and with the Armies in Greece, in Mesopotamia and the States.

Of the amount available for use in France, a large percentage has necessarily been loaned as working capital to carry on the post exchange business. This involves a large outlay in merchandise, to be found under heads as follows:

Merchandise in transit to ports of embarka

on.
On docks awaiting shipment.
On the ocean.
On docks at ports of entry.
In reserve stocks in base warehouses.
In transit to the field.
In reserve stocks in divisional and subdivi-

months.

In addition to this, a large sum is constantly tied up in cash received from sales of goods during the period while that cash is on hand or in transit to headquarters in Parts.

on hand of in transcriptors and the working capital thus continuously employed in the post exchange and which has been borrowed from the general fund subscribed amounts to upwards of 75,000,000

scribed amounts to upwards of 75,000,000 francs.

The remaining balance of the subscribed fund available for use in France has been expended as follows:

In the construction and equipment of huts. In providing motor transport equipment. In equipping and maintaining the X.M.C.A. secretaries in the field.

In general expenses of rent and in maintenance of rented quarters throughout France. In direct expenses incurred for amusement, recreation, athletic equipment, educational facilities, devotional services and forefree working material.

namee of rented quarters throughout France. In direct expenses incurred for amusement, recreation, athletic equipment, educational facilities, devotional services and fouriers working material and the services of the services. The services are should be reckoned losses incurred in the operation of leave areas.

In addition to these items should be reckoned losses incurred in the operation of the hotels and restaurants conducted for the members of the A.E.F. in France.

As will be seen from the above, work in France is only a part of the Y.M.C.A.'s warwork program. In order, therefore, to get a comprehensive statement of the expenditures of the war fund, it is necessary to combine the accounts of the entire chain of Y.M.C.A. war activities.

This can only be done in New York, where the contral accounting office is maintained and where the financial records of the Paris headquarters have already been forwarded. There in New York the firm of Price, Waterhouse & Co., public accountants, is now engaged in compiling a complote combined statement. This statement it is the intention of the finance committee to publish in advance of the campaign. And as soon as it can be sent to France the Y.M.C.A. in France intends to give it the-widest publicity.

"In accordance with the instructions on pink

"In accordance with the instructions on pink slip I have given birth to a daughter of April 20th," said a recent latter from a soldier's wife regarding his allotment.

in reserve stocks in divi ional warehouses. In stock on hand in huts. **OUR AVIATION** In stock on hand in huts.
The interval elapsing between the time when murchandise is bought and paid for in the United States and the time when those same goods reach the huts for sale in many instances extends over a period of several months. To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: